## IN SPITE OF MYSELF.

An Old-fashioned Story of a Newfashioned Girl.

By M. L. CAVENDISH.

My trunk was packed and I had arranged with my senior partner (I was the junior member of a law firm) for a month's vacation. Aunt Lucy had written that her husband had gone on a sea trip and she wished me to superintend the business of his farm and mills in his absence, if I could arrange to do so. She added that Guasie" thought it was a pity to trouble me and wanted to do the overseeing herself, but that she (Aunt Lucy) preferred to have a man at the head of affairs.

I had never seen my step-cousin, Augusta Ashley, but I knew, from Aunt Lucy's remarks concerning her, pretty much what sort of a person she was-just the precise kind I disliked | immeasurably. I had no idea what her age was, but doubtless she was over thirty, tall, determined, aggressive, with a "faculty" for

was, but doubtless she was over thirty, tall, determined, aggressive, with a "faculty" for managing, a sharp, probing nose, and a deformation between her eyebrows. I knew the type and I was assured that the period of my solourn with my respected aunt would be one of strife between Miss Ashley and myself.

I wrote to Aunt Lucy to expect me, made all beceasary arrangements, and went to bid Nellie good-bye. I had made up my mind to marry Nellie. I had never openly avowed myself her sultor, but we were cousts and had grown up together, so that I knew her well enough to be sure of my ground. I liked her so well that it was easy to persuade myself that I was in love with her. She more nearly fulfilled the requirements of my ideal wife than any one I knew. She was pleasant to look upon, without being distractingly pretty, small and fair and womanly. She dessed nicely, sang and played agreenably, danced well, and had a cheerful, affectionate disposition. She was not alarmingly clever, had no "hobbies" and looked up to me as helr to all the wisdom of the agen—what man does not like to be thought elever and brilliant? I had no formidable rival, and our families were anxious for the match. I considered myself a very lucky fellow. I felt that I would be very ionely without Nellie when I was away, and she admitted frankly that she would miss me awfully. She looked so sweet that I was on the point of asklong her then and there to marry me. Well. Fats interfered in the guise of a small brother, so I said good-by and went, mentally comparing her when my idea of Miss Augusta Ashley, much to the latter's disadvantage.

When I stepped from the train at a sleepy country station next day I was pro nptly wavlaid by a black-eyel urchin, who informed me that Mrs. Ashley had sent him with an express wagon for my luggage, and that "Miss Gussie" was waiting with the carriange at the store, pointing down to a small building before whose door a girl was trying to soothe her frightened horse.

horse.

As I went down the slope toward her I noticed she was tall—quite too tall for my taste. I dislike women who can look into my eyes on a level—but I had to admit that her form was remarkably symmetrical and graceful. She put out her hand—it was ungloved and large, but white and firm, with a cool, pleasant touch—and said, with a composure unflatteringly akin to indifference: to indifference:
"Mr. Carsiake, I presume, Mother could not
"Mr. Carsiake, I presume, Will you be

come to meet you, so she sent me. Will you be kind enough to hold my horse for a few minutes? I want to get something in the store." Where-upon she calmly transferred the reins to me and sappeared. At the time she certainly did not impress me

disappeared.

At the time she certainly did not impress me as pretty, vet neither could I call her plain. Taken separately her features were good. The noss was large and straight, the mouth also a triffe large, but firm and red, the brow wide and white, shadowed by a straying dash of brown curl or two. She had a certain cool, statue-supe paleness, accentuated by straight, fine, black brows, and here yes were a bluish gray, but the pupils, as lafterward found out, had a trick of dilating into wells of blackness, which, added to a long fringe of very dark lashes, made her eyes quite the most striking feature of her face. Her expression was open and frank, and her voice clear and musical without being sweet. She looked about twenty-two.

At the time I did not fancy her appearance, and made a mental note to the effect that I would never like Miss Ashley. I had no use for cool, business-like women—women should have no concern with business. Nellie would never have troubled her dear curly head over it.

Miss Ashley came out with her arms full of packages, stowed them away in the carriage, got in, fold me which road to take, and did not again speak till we were out of the village and diying along a pretty country lane, arched over xith crimson mapies and golden brown beeches. The purpish haze of a sunny antum day mellowed over the fields, and the bunch of golden rod at my companion's belt was akin to the plumed ranks along the fences. I hazarded the remark that it was a fine day. Miss Ashley gravely admitted that it was. Then a deep smile seemed to rise somewhere in her eyes and creep over her face, discovering a dimple here and there as it proceeded.

"Don't let's talk about the weather—the subject is rather stale," she said. "I suppose you are wondering why on earth mother had to drag you away out here. I tried to show her how foolish it was, but I didn't succeed. Mother thinks there must be a man at the head of affairs or they'll never go right. I could have taken foil charge easily enough: I haven't been father's duties of superintendent rather arduous. "Not at all," she said, with a serenity that made me groan inwardly: "I like it. Father always said I was a born business manager. You'll find Ashley's Mills very quiet. I'm afraid. It's a sort of charmed Sleepy Hollow. See, there's home," as we turned a maple-blazoned corner and looked from the crest of one hill across to that of another. "Home" with a big, white, green-shuttered house buried amid a riot of autumn color, with a big grove of dark green spruces at the back. Below them was a glimpee of a dark blus mill pond, and beyond it long sweeps of golden-brown meadow land, sloving up till they dimmed in horizon mists of pearl and purple.

"How pretty." I exclaimed admiringly.
"Isn't it?" said Gussle proudly. "I love it." Her pupils dilated into dark pools, and I rather unwillingly admitted that Miss Ashley was a fine-looking gir!.

As we drove up, Aunt Lucy was standing on the steps of the verands, over whose white roof cyled a luxuriant crueper, its leaves tinged betoer frosts into lovely wine reds and la' sy yellows. Gusslesprangont, barely touchny offered hand with her tinger tips.

There's mother waiting to pounce on you hear all the family news," she said, "so go he cet her like a dutifut hepliew."

I mest take out your horse for you first, "I said poll ely." Not a all." said Miss Ashley, taking the at all," she said, with a serenity that made me

politely.

Not as all," said Miss Ashley, taking the strom my hands in a way not to be dissigned; "I always unharness Churley myself. No understands him half so well. Besides, I'm to it. Didn't I tell you I'd always been sers boy I'd. believe it." I thought in disgust, as he watered and deftly unharnessed Charley theled him into his stable with sundry pats on compose. Then I saw no more of her till she in to tell us tea was ready and led the way

compose. Then I saw no more of her till she to the dining room.

It was evident Miss Gussie held the reins of household government; and no doubt worthily. Those firm, capable white hands of hers looked as if they might be equal to a good many emergencies. She talked little, leaving the convergencies. She talked little, leaving the convergencies of the meal, however, she caught hold of an unfortunate opinion I had incautiously advanced and tore it into tatters. The result was a spirited argument, in which Miss Gussie held her own with such ability that I was utterly routed and found another grievance against her. It was very humiliating to be worsted by a girl—a country girl at that, who had passed most of her life upon a farm! No doubt she was strong-minded and wanted to vote. I was prepared to believe anything of her. After tea Miss Ashley proposed a walk around the premises, in order to initiate me into my duties. Apart from his farm Mr. Ashley owned large grist and saw mills, and did a floorishing business, with the details of which Miss Gussic seemed ao conversant that I lost all doubt of her superior knowledge, and our walk was enlivened by some rather too lively discussions between us. We walked about together, however, till the shadows of the first by the mils stretched learning of triumph at having defeated me.

"I have to go now and see about putting away the milk and I dare say you're not sorry to be rid of me." she said, with a domureness I had not credited her with; "hut if you come to the veranda in half an hour I'll bring yea out a glass of new milk and some pound cake i made to-day by a recipe that's been in the family for one hundred years; and I hooe it will choke you for all the snubs you've been giving me." She walked away after this smishle wiel, and is stood by the

appeared in such an amiable light that

Vell, how do you like your cousin, my

"Well, how do you like your cousin, my dear?"

Whereat that young lady promptly answered:
"I think he is the most conceited youth I've met for some time."
I'leasant, wasn't it? I thought of Nellie's meek admiration of all my words and ways, and got her photo out to soothe my vanity. For the first time it struck me that her features were somewhat insipid. The thought seemed like a disloyality, so I banished it and went to bed.
I expected to dream of that disagreeable Gussie, but I did not, and I sient so soundly that it was 10 o'clock the next morning before I wake. I sprang out of hed in dismay, dressed hastly, and ran down, not a little provoked at myself. Through the window I saw Gussie in the garden digging up some ceraniums. She was enveloped in a clay-stained brown apron, a big, flapping straw hat half hid her face, and she wore a pair of muddy old kid gloves, lier whole appearance was disreputable, and the face she turned to me as I said "Good morning" had a diagonal streak of clay across it. I added slovenliness to my already long list of her demorits.
"Good afternoon, rather. Don't you know

her demorits, "Good afternoon, rather, Don't you know "Good afternoon, rather. Don't you know what time its? The men were here three hours ago for their orders. I thought it a pity to disturb your peaceful dreams, so I gave them myself and sent them off."

I was ampried than ever. A nice beginning I had made. And was that girl laughing at me?

"I expected to be called in time, certainly." I said stillly. "I am not accustomed to oversleep myself. I promise it will not occur again." My Argente was contained as a finish.

said stillly. "I am not necusioned to oversleep myself. I promise it will not occur again." My dignity was quite lost on Gussie. She pesied off hor gloves cheerfully, and said:

"I suppose you'd like forme breakfast. Just wait till I wash my hands and I'll get you some. Then, if you're pining to be useful, you can help me take up these geraniums."

There was no help for it. After I had breakfasted I went with many misgivings. We got on fairly well, however, Gussie was particularly lively and kept me too busy for argument. I quite enjoyed the time, and we did not quarrel until nearly the last, when we fell out butterly over some horticultural problem, and went in to dinner in suiky sileace. Gussie disappeared after dinner and I saw no more of her. I was glad of this, but after a time I began to find it a little dull. Even a dispute would have been livelier. I visited the mills, looked over the farm, and then carelessly asked Aunt Lucy where Miss Ashley was. Aunt Lucy replied that she had gone to visit a friend and would not be back till the next day.

This was saitsfactory, of course, highly so. What a relief it was to be rid of that girl with her self-assertiveness and independence. I said to myself that I hoped her friend would keep her for a week. I forgot to be disappointed that she had not, when, next afternoon, I saw Gussie coming in at the gate with a tolerably large satchel and an armful of golden rod. I sauntered down to relieve her, and we had a sharp argument under way before we were half way up the lane. As usual, Gussie refused to give in that she was wrong.

up the lane. As usual, that she was wrong.

Her walk had brought a faint, clear tint to her live walk had brought a faint, clear tint to her live walk had balf Her walk had brought a faint, clear tint to her cheeks, and her rippling, dusky halr had half slipped down on her neck. She said she had to make some cookies for tea, and if I had nothing hetter to do I might go and talk to her white she mixed them. It was not a gracious invita-tion, but I went rather than be left to my own

company.

By the end of the week I was as much at home at Ashiey Mills as if I had lived there all my life. Gussle and I were thrown together a good deal for lack of other companionshith, and I saw no reason to change my opinion of her. She could be lively and entertaining when she chose, and at times she might be called beautiful. Still, I did not approve of her—at least I hought so most of the time. Once in a while came a state of feeling which I did not quite understand.

came a state of feeling which I did not quite understand.

One evening I went to prayer meeting with Aunt Lucy and Gussie. I had not seen the minister of Ashley Mills before, though fiussie and her mother seemed to know him istimately. I had an idea that he was old and slivery-haired and benevolent-looking. So I was rather surprised to find him as young as myself—a tail, pate, intellectual-looking man, with a high, white brow and dark carnest eyes—decidedly attractive.

white brow and dark, carnest eyes—decided; attractive.

I was still more surprised when, after the service, he joined Gussie at the door and went down the steps with her. I felt distinctly ill-treated as I fell back with Aunt Lucy. There was no reason why I should—none; it ought to have been a relief. The Rev. Carroli Martin had every right to see Miss Ashley home if he chose. Doubtless a girl, who knew all there was to be known about business, farming and, milling, to say nothing of honsekeeping and gardening, could discuss theology also. It was none of my business.

none of my business.
I don't know what kept me awake so late that night! As a consequence I overslept myself. I had managed to feed on my reputation on this point, but here it was lost again. I felt cross and foolish and cantankerous when I went out. There was some unusual commotion at the well. It was an old-fashioned opened one, with a chain and windlass. Annt Lucy was peering anxiously down its month, from which a hidder was stleking. Just as I got there Gussie emerged from its depths with a triumphant face. Her afirt was nauddy and draggled, her hair had tumbled down, and she held a dripping, black cat.
"Coco must have fallen into the well last night," she explained as I helped her to the ground. "I missed him at milking time, and when I came to the well this morning I heard the most ear-splitting yowls coming up from it. I couldn't think where he could possibly be, for the water was quite calm, till I saw he had crept into a little crevice in the stones on the side. So I got a ladder and went after him."

"You should have called me," I said, sourly you might have killed yourself, going down there."
"And Coco might have tumbled in and

'And Coco might have tumbled in and

"And Coco might have tumbled in and drowned while you were getting up," reforted Gussic, "Besides, what was the need? I could go down as well as you."

"No doubt," I said, more sharply than I had any business to, "I don't dream of disputing your ability to do anything you may take it into your head to do. Most young ladies are not in the habit of going down wells, however."

"Perhaps not," she rejoined, with freezing calmness. "But, as you may have discovered, calm not 'most young ladies." I am myself, the property of the property in the property of the property in th calminess. But, as you hay. I am myself, Augusta Ashley, and accountable to nobody but myself if I choose to go down the well every day for pure love of it."

She walked off, in her wet dress, with her mudly cat. Gussie Ashley was the only girl I ever saw who could be dignified under such circumstances.

ever saw who could be dignified under such circumstances.

I was in a very bad humor with myself as I
went off to see about having the well cleaned
out. I had offended Gussie, and I knew she
would not be easily appeased. Nor was she,
For a week she kept me politely, studiously at a
distance, in spite of my most humble advances.
The Hev. Mr. Martin was a frequent caller, ostensibly to make arrangements about a Sunday
school they were organizing in a poor rart of
the community. Gussie and he held long conversations on this enthralling subject. Then
Gussie went on another visit to her friend, and
when she came back so did Martin.
One calm, hazy afternoon I was coming slowly
up from the mills. Happening to glance at the
kitchen roof, I gasned. It was on fire in one
place. Evidently the dry shingles had caught
fire from a spark. There was not a soul about
save Gussie, Aunt Lucy, and myself. I dashed
wildly into the kitchen, where Gussie was peciing apples.

"The house is on fire." Lexclaimed. Gussie

save Gussle. Aunt Lucy, and myself. I dashed wildly into the kitchen, where Gussle was peeling apples.

"The house is on fire." I exclaimed. Gussle dropped her kulfe and turned pale.

"Don't wake mother," was all she said, as she snatched a burket of water from the table. The ladder was still lying by the well. In a second I had raised it to the roof, and while Gussle went up it like a squirrel and dashed the water on the fames. I had two more buckets ready for her.

Fortunately, the fire had made little headway, though a few minutes more would have given it a dangerous start. The flames hissed and died out as fussie threw on the water, and in a few seconds only a small black hole in the shingles remained. Gussle slid down the ladder. She trembled in every limb, but she put out her wet hand to me with a faint, triumphant smile. We shook hands across the ladder with a cordinity never before expressed.

For the next week, in spite of Carroll, I was happy when I thought of Selie. Theid myself in some way bound to her and—was she not my ideal? Undoutedly!

One day I got a letter from my sister. It was long and newsy, and the eighth page was most interesting.

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long and newsy, and the eighth page was most interesting.

"If you don't come home and look after Nello" wrate Kate, "you'll soon not have her to look after. You remember that old lover of hers, itod Allen? Well, he's home from the West, now, immensely rich, they say, and his attentions to Nellie are the town talk. I think she likes him, too. If you bury yourself any longer at Ashiey Mills I won't be responsible for the consequences."

ionger at Ashiey Mills I won't be responsible for the consequences."

This lifted an immense weight from my mind, but the ninth page hurled it back again.

"You never say anything of Miss Ashiey in your letters. What is she like—young or old, ugly or pretty, clever or dull? I met a lady recently who knows her and thinks she is charming. She also said she was to be married soon to the few. Something-or-other. Is it true?"

Ay was it? Quite likely. Kate's letter made a very miserable man of me. Gussie found me a dull companion that day. After several vain attempts to rouse me to interest she gavet up.

"There's no use talking to you," she said, impatiently. "I believe you are homesick. That letter you got this morning looked suspicious. Anyhow, I hope you'll get over it before I get back."

"Are you going away again?" I asked.

Anyhow, I hope you'll get over it before I get back."

"Are you going away again?" I asked.

"Yes. I'm going to stay a few days with Flossie." Flowsle was that inseparable chum of hers.

"You seem to spend a good deal of your time with her," I remarked, discontentedly.

Gussle opened her eyes at my tone.

"Why, of course," she said. "Flossie and I have always been thums. And she needs me more than over just now, for she's awfully busy, she is to be married next month."

"Oh, I see and you."

"I'm to be bridesmaid, of course, and we've heaps to do. Flossie wanted to wait until Christmas, but Mr. Martin, it interrupted, "is Mr. Martin," I interrupted, "is Mr. Martin," I interrupted, "is Mr. Martin," Why, yes. Didn't you know? They just suit each other. There he comes now, He's going to drive me over, and I'm not ready. Talk to him, for pity's sake, while I go and dress.

I never enjoyed a conversation more. Martin was a remarkably interesting man. Nellie married floid Allen at Christmas, and I was

Aunt Lucy's soft voice floated up through my OLDNEWENGLAND SAYINGS

SOME IN RHYME AND SOME NOT. BUT ALL OF THEM FAMILIAR. Queer Survivals of Old Superstitions Cat. Dog, and Bird Proverbs Peculiar Gen-tures Accompanying an Old Jingle.

From the Boston Herald, Is western Massachusetts a land of silent folk? It is there that Mr. Clifford Johnson found the sayings contained in his pleasing and pretty volume, "What They Say in New England," but Essex and Norfolk, Suffolk, Middlesex, Plymouth, Barnstable, and Nantucket could cap nearly all his sayings without exhausting their treasury of popular proverbs. To begin, like an indifferent talker, with the weather. Mr. Johnson does not seem to know that all well-conducted "storms," which means "rains," "clear off " at D o'clock, in the morning, at noon, or at 3 o'clock, or at sunset, at midnight or at sunrise. Persistent repetition of this theory often gains the oldest inhabitant the fame of being weather wise, for only a very ingenious storm can "clear off" at a point sufficiently removed from all these points that its ciently removed from all these points that its departure cannot be assigned to one of them. "Six weeks after you hear the first katydidlook for a frost," says Mr. Johnson. "The cricket, never sings before the first day of August, and always sings then," says New Hampshire, Western Massachusetts uses the "Rainbow in the morning," hymne, and the sailor's "Red in the morning," but seems unaware of the correct version of the landsman's complete rhyme:

Evening red and morning gray Set the traveller on his way; But evening gray and morning red Will bring down rain upon his head.

Will bring do all rain upon his head.

In fact, they do not seem very fastidious as to rhythm in Herkshire. They say:

If the rosster crows when he goes to bed, He will get up with a wet head.

Nearer the Atlantic they sing: "When he gets up he'll wet his head," but they are no more accurate than their trans-Connecticut brothren about the subjunctive of the first verse. These rhymes are of English derivation, and adapted to the English seasons, are in use in one form or another all over Massachusetts, but the rhythmical Eastern versions run thus: rhythmical Eastern versions run thus:

Mack'rel sky, Not long dry; April showers Bring forth May flowers. If Candlemas day be fair and bright, Winter will have another flight; but if Candlemas day bring clouds and rain, Winter has gone, not to come again.

Candlemas day! Half of your corn And half of your bay. When the wind is in the cast, Then the sap will run the least; When the wind is in the west, Then the sap will run the best,

Then the sap will run the best.

says Mr. Johnson.

This is a landsman's theft from the fishing towns, where they sing the old English stave:

When the wind is in the north, when the wind is in the north, when the wind is in the sast,

'Tis fit for neither man nor beast, when the wind is in the south, it blows the bat in the fishers' mouth; when the wind is in the west,

Then 'tis at the very best.

Then 'tis at the very best.

Then its at the very best.

Sparks on the bottom of the teakettle mean cold weather to the demure maid of west Massachusetts; they mean sparks of another kind to the cherry-cheeked maidens of Plymouth. "So long as the dog star reigns it will be dry weather," say the inland dwellers. "So long it will be muggy," say those living on the coast, and with both the reign of the dog star begins June 25, in spite of all the almanacs in Christendom.

June 25, in spite of all the almanacs in Christendom.

"If the cat come and sit on the hearth, with its back to the north, it is a sign of cold weather," is the circumstantial rule of the West. "Goin' to be cold; cat's turned her tail to the fire," says the Fast, most earnestly seeking for a sign, When the fire sparkles and snaps in the West they expect wind; the eastern "wa'nut log sends sparkles out toward the poofiest." positiest."
They are refined and reverential in Berkshire, and say "Grandpa long-legs," but in the East

faith that the ferule would break in two at the

Pick a pic: Run in the house and tell a lie. Properly sung, that doggerel will send the proudest of small brunettes to her mother crying, "I don't care," which is properly interpreted by her binde tormentors. When she comes forth again they will probably inform her that "Black betrays you," and her mother will tell her that the saying arises from the painful visibility of a hole in a black stocking or a black frock, but it seems more like a reminiscence of the Guelph and Ghibelline quarrels.

Great head

thick lips, stundity, so that nobody can be re-garded as entirely happy.

Among the "edds" belonging to no particular class Mr. Johnson puts

Just so many stitches as you take on you, Just so many ites you'll have told about you. Mend your clothes upon your back, Of poverty you'll have no lack, say the wise women of Essex.

See a pin and pick it up, All the day you'll have good luck; See a pin and let it lay, Bad luck you will have all day. The Byronic indifference to the proper form of "lie" is common enough in proverbs, and does not affect their value, but it should be noted that no truly wise person picks up a pin lying with its point toward him, lest he should have "pointed luck." He walks to the head of it and grasps it judiciously.

Sing byfore you set.

Sing before you eat, Cry before you sleep, is the metrical form of one of Mr. Johnson's

is the metrical form of the proverbs.

In Hoston schools children teach one another that eating bread crust will make the hair curi; in the West they say:

If you eat the crusts 'will make you wise;

If you leave the crust you're sure to bust.

If you ear the crumbs 'will make you wise;

If you leave the crust

You're sure to bust.

Sneezing between noon and I o'clock indicates the coming of a stranger. If anybody says." My nose itches," he is told that the sign is, "See a stranger, kiss a fool, or be in danger." Daring men rejoin, "Come here, then." To take a second portion upon the plate before the first is eaten indicates that "somebody is coming thungry." To see a cluster of bubbles in one's coffee means that money is coming, and also that a storm approaches. To upset a tea cup means that a stranger is coming. If a dropped fork stand erect in the floor, it means that a stranger is coming.

According to Mr. Johnson's anthorities, the baby who does not fall down stairs before it is a year old will be a fool, and it will know nothing unless it falls out of bed three times before it is a year old. There are still Boston nurses who insist that a baby must be carried up stairs before it is carried down stairs, lest it should go down hill all its life, and there are nurses who deform children's hands by tearing off their nails because cutting them will make their owner thevish.

Thirty-two ways of banishing warts are known in the West, but not that a fill practised by Middleex boys, who heat a pin to redness and flercely dig it into the centre of the wart to the admiration of their slaters. Other remedies may be more efficacious, but no other is so be witching to girls, who, poor things! dare essay no romedy more heroic than dipping a cent in vinegar and rubbing it on the wart.

The department of "Tricks and Catches" lacks the favorite "Mrs. White's Party," which is thus conducted:

First Girl (the best reader in herclass)—Goin' to Mrs. White's party to night;

Econd Girl (the best reader in herclass)—Goin' to Mrs.

is thus conducted:

First Girl (the best reader in her class)—Goin' to Mrs.

White's party to night;

Second Girl (the best grammarian)—Naw, I sin's.
First Girl -Ev'rgbody's 'nvited.
Second Girl -I sin's.
First Girl -O, you'il go.
Second Girl -I won's, thes.
First Girl -You will, thes.
First Girl -You will, these. Won't you go to Mrs.
White's party when you go to bed? Lor, I thought every body knew that. (Entire discomfiture of the second girl.)

Another catch is, "Can you sing the song of the lamb?" The questioned one, scandalized, if plous, otherwise perfectly indifferent, responds: "No." "Want to hear me sing it?" "I don't care." "Ba-a-a-a-a."

One to begin, Two to show, Three to make ready, And four to go,

says the book. One to make ready.
Two to prepare.
Three to go sianitang!
Itight: Down! There!

There are many "Pudden tame" dialogues, but one, omitted by Mr. Johnson, and brief as first love, runs thus: "What's your name?" Pudden Tame." "A pretty little nigger name." After this come slaps. In Berkahire

to a boy who attempts a premature or a tardy observance of the day is:

Sam. Sam. The dirty man. Washed his face in a frying-pan. Combed his hair with the tack of a chair. And dancel with the toothache in the air.

to the souls of small Johns with Diddle, diddle, dumpling. My son John Went to bea with his brooches on! One stocking off. One stocking of Diddle, didle, dumpling. My son John.

Mary, Mary, Quite contrary,

Ella, Ella! Blek, stlek Stella!

Both boys and girls are the victims of

Georgy-porzy, Pudding and ple;

but girlish ingenuity has never reached the pitch of feminizing the following lines of the story. Mr. Johnson quotes:

Came down too soon To inquire the way to Norwich; He came from the South And burnt his mouth With cating cold pease porridge.

Pease parridge hot, Pease parridge cold! Pease parridge in the pot, Nine days old,

But let the little colt go bare,

There's a meeting house And there's the steeple; Open the door and let yourself in And there is all the people; There's the milnister going up stairs, And there he is a saying his prayers.

to invite her over to his window sill, and after a little time she alighted there.

see you at play, and you seem to enjoy it like-

"It's the fifth," said the Sparrow. "I built

"Indeed ?" said the Man inquiringly. "Um-

if you will pardon my curiosity about your private affairs-this nest is for your third brood of little ones, then, is it not?"
"Don't apologize. I'm entirely willing to tell

a good neighbor all about it. I haven't raised

any brood so far this year-haven't hatched even one egg."
"Is that so?" said the Man. "Well, that is tough let's see. The housemaid destroyed two nests, and then you built one out of her

"Yea, She had to give it up, but the hired man got out on the roof and poked that one down after I had laid three eggs in it."

"Too bad. Weit?"

"Then I built another, selecting a place this time where neither man nor maid could reach it, but I was so intent on escaping them that I forgot the cat."

for days to build a nest, the sparrowhawk looks around until it finds an empty one in good order, and takes that. Nor is it content with the frail structure of grass and twigs such as you build; it takes the substantial cave that some woodpecker has dug into the side of an old tree. If such a next is not found a well-built nest made by some other bird in some equally scurre place is adopted. Very often it drives the builder of the nest away, and so becomes a robber, but the point I want to make is that there is a bird sufficiently advanced mentally to be able to secure

the fourth while you were in the country."

Shoe the horse,

Bean porridge hot, lean porridge cold; lean porridge's best When time days old.

Little Jane Went down the lane,

The East substitutes:

April fool day still is coming. And you're the biggest fool a running. April fool day's gone and past, And you're the biggest fool at last.

THAT GAVE INSPIRATION. The name rhymes, one of the affections of childhood, survive both in the West and in the East. Among others Mr. Johnson gives these: Cooper Clarko's Capture of a Tourist Party, the Cannon Which His Soldier Nephew Sent Illm, a Paliful of Whiskey Panch, and the Windows They Broke,

A pair always means two, but this particular pair had come to be known as the Blg Four. This was because they had big bodies, big appetites, big thirsts, and big voices. Their fel-low eaters in the little restaurant gave them that name more than a year ago, and it has stuck to them ever since. Enormous describes Thomases are pursued by the Mother Goose calumny about the piper's son who stole a pig, and in remote villages of the Cape they still lacerate the souls of small Johns with the voices of the pair better than hig. Every living man and boy who ran in for a quick luncheon could hear every word that the pair had to say, except the little deaf man who always sat in the same corner and are the same things, apparently because he couldn't pitch his voice loud enough to make the pretty little waltress with the much befrizzled side bangs hear when he wanted a change of diet. She went on giving him the same things day after day, until the two young dentists who sat at the next table changed because they got so thred of the deaf man's steady diet. But to get are still heard, and sometimes a rhyme is back to the pair. They were rallroad men. Everybody found that out the first day ther appeared at the little restaurant for a bire, as they expressed it, and cleaned up things from

Things always seemed to be coming their way for they were invariably jelly and had many good stories to tell. After a while the regulars around the counter, and even those at the tables, would smile a welcome as the pair entered, for they knew that they would be amused while they are without exerting them-selves in the least, and they knew that their unwitting entertainers always talked about those things which happened to be occupying the public mind at that time. One day it was politics, another the races, again it would be the marriages, non-marriages, and divorces of the smart set. No matter what it was, one of

When nine days old.

In the English version, he says, it is pease porridge or pease pudding; "but New Englishers are not acquainted with those dishes." The New Englisher of colonial ancestry who does not know pease porridge by the name of "peasoup" is an oddity, for split phas taked in more or less water with or without pork, in short, treated exactly like beans, were perfectly familiar to the fathers, and are no strangers to the sons. As for "pease porridge," all New Englanders know it from the Mother Goose story of the man in the moon who came down too soon the pair always had a tale to match the topic. The other day, however, they surprised everybody. They came in, seated themselves wthout a word, and gave their orders just loud enough to be heard. This, at least, was But neither bean porridge nor pease porridge, as sung by Mr. Johnson, will fit the gestures to which the rhyme is sung. Properly that rhyme some comfort to the regulars, for they knew that whatever was troubling the pair it was not of sufficient importance to make them neglect their appetites and thirsts.

"Billy, wasn't that a bad deal?" asked one of them.

"Stephen, it was," was the reply, "but we is the Eastern version of one of Mr. Johnson's rhymes, but sometimes "hobby colt" is substituted for "little colt."

In Boston one of Mr. Johnson's jingles is still repeated in its original form, and is accompanied by gestures not altogether easy. These are its verses:

And there he is a saying his prayers.

At the first line the hands are set together, the fingers interlocked and bent inside the paims; at the second the forefineers point upward, and the tips of the two thumbs are set together edgewise; the thumbs part when the door opens, and the knuckles are turned downward, so that the fingers, as "the people," may point upward. The minister "goes up stairs," as the fingers of the right hand, held palm downward, are interlaced with the fingers of the left hand, held palm upward; then a rapid twist brings the two hands to the reverse of the "meeting house" position, and the thumb of the left hand, free from the entangle-He stopped to drain his stein, and the regulars settled themselves to enjoy their meals in comfort, for they knew that even if things weren't going just right with the Big Four they wouldn't have to listen to their troubles. That's a sure thing about human nature. It has about troubles, and this little

of the left hand, held paim upward; then a rapid twist brings the two hands to the reverse of the "meeting house" position, and the thumb of the left hand, free from the entanglement of the others, bows, as "the minister saying his prayers."

Among the fortune telling schemes omitted by Mr. Johnson is that of writing out the names of a man and woman, cancelling their similar letters, and counting the others with the words. "Friendship, love, indifference, hate." A bird, pictured, embroidered, or forming part of the nattern in fluured stuff, files away with good luck. Cats bring diseases, dogs take them away. If a child carry off a milk tooth its owner will have a cat tooth, for pussy makes restitution. Every stitch sewn on Sunday must be taken out with the nose in in the place visited by Tomilinson of Berkelev square. Every Christmas leaf or herry found in the house on Candlemas day means a death. This piece of knowledge was found only in Episcopalian families, until the newspapers began to print long articles on Christmas observances. Now it is almost an article of faith with many. restitution. Every stitch sewn on Sunday must be taken out with the nose in in the place visited by Tomilison of Berkeley square. Every Christmas leaf or herry found in the house on Candlemas day means a death. This piece of knowledge was found only in Episcopalian families, until the newspapers began to print long articles on Christmas observances. Now it is almost an article of faith with many.

These are only a few sayings of New England. Mr. Johnson's group is large, but since he has called attention to the matter it will probably be doubled in a few years, for "them thet hez, ollers gits."

A FABLE OF THE SPARROW.

Not Success but to Deserve It Is the True Object of Ambition.

The Sparrow was flitting about very busily the other morning, carrying straws, twigs, and horsehair from the street to an invisible perch among a lot of ivy that covered a near-by house horsehair from the street to an invisible perch among a lot of ivy that covered a near-by house wall, when the Man, looking from his bed-wall, when the Man, looking from his bed-wall wall and the street to an invisible perch among a lot of ivy that covered a near-by house will be sure and send means to some token.

sure and send me some token.

"About eighteen months after that, when freight rates were about as high as one of these skyscrapers here in New York, what should come into Concord to Cooper Clarke on a freight train but a forty-pound cannon mounted on wheels. Four Cooper! There was nothing for him to do but to pull out his wallet and pay the freight bill."

"Where in thunder did the cannon come from, Billy?" interrupted Stephen, and the regulars looked relieved at the question.

"Why, it was the token from George, He was a deader by this time. Clarke took the cannon to his house, which was situated directly opposite the aid academy in Concord, and there it stood for years pointing toward the street. she was building another nest. So he chirped "My gooodness" said the Man as she shook the dust from her feathers. "Was there ever such a hustling race as yours? Of course I often well, like a healthy-minded member of my own race, but here you are building your fourth nest

"Why, it was the token from George, He was a deader by this time. Clarke took the camon to his house, which was situated directly opposite the out academy in Concord, and there it stood for years pointing toward the street.

"In the '70's Clarke, George Spring, William Cromwell, Henry Melindey, and W. A. Kimball, all railroad men, went to Halifax, N. S., after a California party. Each was confident of getting the party to go over his line. Many a drink had been taken and many a story told, and every man of 'em was feeling good for every man of 'em was dead are that he was the lucky one sho had secured this large party to go over his line to San Franc'sco. That swhere they got left, and Clarke came in with his versatility of meni and intid. The railroad follows all thought it a little queer that Clarke wouldn't take even so much as a drop of iseer, but they didn't credit his temperance with being a scheme to secure the party. "But it was, Clarke found that the bess man of the Californians was a deacon, and a very religious one at that. Immediately Clarke because very religious. He attended prayer meeting that night while his competitors had a quiet little game. He got up in meeting and told how many years he had experienced religion, and what salvation had done for him, especially in his business. As soon as the meeting was over Clarke got the party, and the next morning they hustled for California, making a straight shoot for his line.

"The railroad fellows all started for Boston, and Clarke was feeling so good that he invited them to spend the Fourth, which wasn't many days off, at his home in Concord. He said:

"Mary,' meaning his wife, 'will have roast lamb, green peas grown in our own garden, and strawberries that will make you forget fixed them to spend the Fourth, which wasn't many days off, at his home in Concord. He said:

"Mary in meaning his wife, will have roast lamb, green peas grown in our own garden, and strawberries that will make you forget fixed to be a hunch of saingles and to act their broat

time where neither man nor maid could reach it, but I was so intent on escaping them that I forgot the cat."

"But the cat remembered you, I recken."

"But the cat remembered you, I recken."

"Well, rather. I escaped, but I had to begin over again, because, in clawing for me, she pulled down the nest and smashed six eggs—all of them well nigh ready to hatch."

"Humph!" said the Man. "If I'd seen the cat at it I would have stopped her in a way that would have prevented her prowling thereafter. I'm sorry for you: I am, really, for the season is now so far advanced that unless the weather proves favorable you will fall altogether in raising any young ones. But I hope you won't mind If I tell you, all for your own good, that your race are all too great plodders. You depend on hard work and brute force too much, You have wit, but you use it rarely. Even in your fights with other birds you depend on numbers—you mob your enemy instead of using strategy to drive him away.

"Now, speaking of enemies reminds me that you might take a lesson from one of the most deadly—the sparrowhawk. Instead of working for days to build a heat, the sparrowhawk looks around until it finds an empty one in good order, and takes that. Nor is it content with the frail

the nest away, and so becomes a robber, but the point I want to make is that there is a bird sufficiently advanced mentally to be able to secure to itself the advantages of the labor of others. It does not exactly employ others to work for it, and so make a profit on their labor, as many bright individuals of my race do, but it is not very far from doing so, it has, therefore, at least twice as much leisure for the pleasures and elegancies of life as you tave.

During the long reture the Sparrow sat with a very demure look, listening attentively. Whether she approved or not whether she even understood all that was said could not be ascertained by looking at her. But when the Man had fluished she ginneed around the room that the occupied and said:

"You have a beautiful nest here, haven't you."

"Why, it's pretty comfortable, thank you," replied the Man.

"You have a good many things to add to the "You have a good many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a good many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the "You have a pood many things to add to the point of the point and when Clarke ended that had hand fleanth watch and when Clarke ended the boys. This was more there Clarke could a many from his guestern, and when Clarke ended the boys. This was more that the heave of the boys. This was more that the boys. This was more that the heave of the boys. This was more "Weil, finally Spring got back with the

"Why, it's presty country things to add to the renited the Man.
"You have a good many things to add to the pleasures and elegancies of your life."
"Certainly—Just as many as I can get."
"You have no—no mate to share it?"
"No. I have no wife yet. I mean to get one "Vertainly just as many as I can get."

There are many "Pudden tame" dialogues, but one, omitted by Mr. Johnson, and brief as that one, omitted by Mr. Johnson, and brief as the love, runs thus: "What's your name."

"You have no mate to share it?"

"You have no mate of share it?"

"You have no mate to share it?"

"You have no mate of share it?"

"You have no mane?"

If the lalv. Asshur-Sharratt, addressed the lead of share it should with it and green gress and grave!

Another penny was ticken from Clarke. He roised took it should took it should took it should took it should took it should

THE BIG FOUR'S FOURTH. CELEBRATION AT CONCORD

the spirit of the glorious Fourth as Clarke and Spiring were, for the blamed thing turned square round, pointed the other way, and went off. One of the men on the roof fell off and broke his leg, and every rame of glass, not only in Clarke's house, but in the old academy as well, was slivered into atoms.

Mrs. Clarke came running to the door as white as a sheet, and seeing her husband lying there shricked:

"Cooper, are you dead?"

"Mary, he answered deliberately, not by a darn sight, but, Mary, I want you to hear my will when I am doud and gone. Send this cennon to theorge Spring.

"A few years after that Clarke diel, and sure chough his widow sent that cannon to theorge Spring. It stood for many years in his yard in Worester, and is to day stanting in his ward in Worester, and is to day stanting in his ward in Worester, and is to day stanting in his yard in Worester, and is to day stanting in his yard in the fourth, but to this day he his sist that the four he had was worth it, and Stephen, somehow I thought maybe we'd like to get some of the other rellows and go up to Concern for the Fourth. It used to be a great place with the rathroad fellows in Comper Clarke's day, for home meant hospitality with him. He won't be there and the cannon is gone, but I causes with a few water mile of whiskey much we might get a little of the spirit of the giorious Fourth in us and man, and to have a pretty good time, is it, a go." I'l is, Billy, "answered Stephen, and the life." I'l is, Billy, "answered Stephen, and the life."

DR. GASPARD'S HARD RUN. Would Have Hurrled Along. From the Atlanta Constitution,

This story I can only tell as it was told to me by the son of a man who took an active part in the French revolution.

Incredible as the narrative may seem to the average render, the old gentleman who related the incident to me firmly believed it, and a few experts in electricity have admitted that such things are possible. When the revolution was at its height in Paris during 1700, a young doctor, named Gaspard, met a horrible fate under very shugular circumstances. The dector was

at its height in Paris during 1702, a young doctor, named Gaspard, unct a horrible fate under very singular circumstances. The doctor was devoted to science. He had mastered many of the secre of electricity, and there is good reason to believe that if he had lived in our generation he would have been far in advance of our leading electricians.

Dr. Gaspard loved science and hated Dumont, a dreaded rival in his own particular field. One night Dumont was arrested and carried before the revolutionary tribunal. He was tried and convicted of treason before michight, and was senienced to die at an early hour the next morning. In this case, so hurriedly disposed of, the presecutor was Gaspard. He made the affidavit which caused the arrest, and he was the only witness against the prisoner.

The square where the execution took place was crowled at sunrise, for there were thirty persons to suffer the death penalty. Dumont was a young man of gigantic size. He was very tall, with a massive frame, and his lead homeit far above his fellow prisoners. He had nothing to say, but his rowling eyes searched the ranks of the spectators until they finally rested upon one face—the face of his false friend, Gaspard, With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds.

"Villain!" he shouted in a ringing yoice, as he

"Stephen, it was," was the reply, "but we swore a mighty swear that we would never talk business at meal times. That's cheating the stomach, Stephen, and I for one ain't willing to have that laid up against me. What are you going to do the Fourth o' July, Stephen?"

"I don't know, Billy. I'll do whatever you do, Billy, I always do, even when it comes to eating and drinking, Billy."

"Well, Stephen, I'm going to spend the Fourth in my old home. Concord, N. H., and if you've a mind to come along I can promise you as fine a bait of game from Maine, fresh yegtables and strawberries as you ever amacked your chops over, and that reminds me. Stephen—"

He stopped to drain his stein, and the reculars settled themselves to enjoy their meals in composite the tree for the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner bursted his bonds. With a mighty effort the prisoner will be ones, will be should. The was roughly seized, his when the bonds. With a m

phase even crops up in restaurants.

"What does it remind you of, Billy?" asked
Stephen, and he likewise drained his stein, but
not until he had exercised the forethought of
erdering two more.

"It reminds me of one Fourth of July that I
spent in Conord. It was a corker. I'll never
forget it as long as I can drink a draught. You
to the proper clarke? Of course you do.

His tace, convuised with nam and rage, was a
horrible sight to beheld.

When they had recovered from their fright
sufficiently to move, the spectators scattered in
eventuating the most plant of the guards, and the prisances, who were waiting their turn to mount the scalfold.

Straight through the square the two doctors
daried, Gaspard uttering the most territying
the ventuation of the prisance of the control of the prisance of the special order in their fright
sufficiently to move, the spectators scattered in
eventuations of the prisances, who were waiting their turn to mount the scalfold.

Straight through the square the two doctors
daried, Gaspard uttering the most territying
the prisances.

The converse of the prisances of the prisances of the prisances of the prisances.

Straight through the spectator scattered in
eventuation to move, the spectators scattered in
eventuation to move, the spectators scattered in
eventuation to move the prisances.

Straight through the square the two doctors
daried, Gaspard uttering the most territying
the prisances.

The prisance of the prisances of the spectators scattered in
eventuation to move the spectator scattered in
eventuation to move the spectators scattered in
eventuation t

and then came the most exciting part of the race.

They had traversed about 200 yards when the stirches became lone-ned in Dumon's neck. Quick as lifthning the victim of the gaillotine shatched off his bleeding head and continued to run, holding the gory, ghastly thing in one land, with its staring eyes fixed on Gaspard. The wretched fugitive, looking backward, saw this new horror, and with a blood-curding yell healmost doubled his speed.

Onward and still onward they flew, the pursuer slowly gaining in the race. Scared shop keepers closed their doors; women shricked from their windows and fainted; brave solders turned white with fear, and many old people fell upon their knees and crossed themselves. Looking better to the right nor to the left, Gaspard rushed onward, continuing his cries.

Attracted by the uproar, the Judge who had sentenced flumont stopped his carriage and waited with his daughter to ascertain the meaning of it all. The young lady was Gaspard's sweetheart, and when she saw her lover flying before the red and headless avenger behind him she gave a desperate scream. The figitive saw her, but dared not stop.

Without pausing, Dumont, when he passed the carriage, suddenly gave his head a swing the carriage, and they do the him she gave a desperate scream. The figitive saw her, but dared not stop.

Without pausing, Dumont, when he passed the carriage, suddenly gave his head a swing the carriage, and such the carriage and when she saw her lover flowed the carriage, suddenly gave his head a swing the carriage and white startly load of sugar barrels the busy clerk.

Charley just stared about at the busy heat to do something. He det not he busy at the line is to run the busy at the perters unload to sugar barrels took something. He det not he with good for sugar barrels took of sugar barrels took of sugar barrels had to do something. He det not he best the busy at the b

fugitive saw her, but dared not stop. Without pausing, Dumont, when he passed the carriage, suddenly gave his head a swing and hirled it through the air. It landed in the lap of the intige's daughter, and, seeing its staring eyes looking into her own, the poor girl gave another scream and then fainted. The Judge's horses dashed away at the top of their speed, and the few people who saw the affair barred their doors and fell to praying in good earnest.

barred their doors and ten to program to earnest.

Gaspard was about fifty yards from the quay when Dumont caught him. The headless man wound one crimson arm around the captured doctor, and then dragged him rapidly to the river. A moment's pause, and the struggling doctor was forced to leap into the water with the red terror, in whose grip he was utterly helpless. nelpless.
It was a hopeless, frightened face that disap-

It was a hopeless, frightened face that disappeared under the black current. This was all that a party of pleasure seekers in a boat near the scene could tell about it afterward. Almost before they knew it those in the boat saw the two men disappear. They saw a moment later a crimson spot on the surface of the water, but that was all. The bodies were never seen again. This strange occurrence would have attracted the world's attention but for the fact that the revolution furnished new sensations every day. As it was, it was soon forgotten in a city where the guillotine flooded the streets with blood every morning.

'TWAS EVER THUS.

How a Princess Called Bown Another Woman 2,500 Years Ago. From the Baltimore Sun,

From the liatitioner Sun.

Twenty-five hundred years ago a princess of the royal family of Assyria wrote a letter to a lady of the imperial court, in which the latter was haughtily rebuked for presuming to use the familiar title of "sister" in addressing the royal lady. Yesterday in liatimore an English translation of this letter was published by the Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Christopher Johnston has been working for some time to puzzle out the dignified terms in which one woman of those ancient days rebuked another.

The letter was not written with his unon a size of finited paper, as would be done by a fair dame of to-day, but was inscribed in canciform characters upon a tablet of baked clay. It is in thirteen lines, and the royal lady did not waste works to express her contempt at the other's impertinence. The tablet was written only a few years before the destruction of Ninevell and the overthrow of the Assyrian empire, which is generally placed by historians as having occurred in 600 B.C. It is one of the few remains of that period which have come down to the scholars of the present day, it was discovered a score or more years ago and many Assyriologists have tried their hand at a translation. Dr. Johnston, in working upon it, did not have the original tablet, but a picture of it. The royal lady who wrote the letter, or who promably dictated it to her scribe, was the Princess Shermaterat, a grand-daughter of the famous Assyrlan monarch Asurhanaus!, called Sardananains by Greek writers, who, in addition to being a great conqueror, was the founder of an extensive public library and a pair on of literature and the Arts. The letter is translated by Dr. Johnston:

Message of the King's dampitor to Asshur-Sharrat,
Thou dost not properly address thy letter sent to one,
nor use the title to me beliefing the station. From
the dost daugnter of Ashur-etti inni-uklimi, the Frent
King, the mighty king, King or bors, king of Assy
ria. That thou art only the daugnter of the daugnter,
metals of the wife of Assurhanapai, eidest son of Esarmetidon, King of Assyria. incident king of Assyria.

Dr. Johnston suggests that this last sentence was probably a crushing blow for the recibient of the letter, as the neculiar expression "daughter of the daughter-in-haw of Asurhanapai's wife "was most likely a reference to come delectable bit of court scandal in the famous Asiatic empire. The Bootor also said that the rebake was a perfectly proper one from what is known to-day of Assyrian cliquette in letter writing.

'If the lady, Asshur-Sharratt, addressed the

A CHANCE FOR SOPKINS.

BRIEF BUSINESS CAREER OF A YOUTH IN SEARCH OF EXPERIENCE.

Sufferings to Which His Employers Were Subjected from His Start at the Foot of the Ladder Up to the Time When He Concluded to Stop Trying to Climb Is, Charley Sopkins of Brooklyn Heights might be compared to the character known on the

Flip Me all of Murray Hill. Who never worked and never will.

Charley reached the age of 25 years before he gave his family any real concern. After leaving the care of his governess he spent a term at a military school, and then took a course at one of the big colleges. His folks are wealthy. and Charley had everything he wanted while at school and college. He massed through both institutions of learning without doing any-thing further than distinguishing himself as a "good thing," and was promptly bushed by his classomates, so that after his college days were over he had really learned only two things. One was to dress well and the other to spend money extravagantly. It was thus that he became distinguished afterward as the bestdressed young man on Brooklyn Heights. His position as the best-dressed man led him into a fast set of gay young bachelors, and he finally became talked of as a young man who was not schaving himself properly. It was then that he began to give the Sopkins family some concern. An investigation of Charley's bank acounts showed that he had gone through a small fortune and was destined to go through a larger one if he was allowed to continue his dissipations, and Ma Sopkins decided to take the matter in hand.

There was one thing about Charley which was commendable. This was that he was an obe-dient son. So when, after a family council, Ma Sopkins decided that Charley should enter business, he dutifully agreed to be bound by whatever ma said. It was decided at the conference that to start Charley in business for himself would be quite as disastrons in a short time in a financial way as to let him continue his mad career. It was suggested that the Sopkins influence be used to obtain for him some place where he would gain practical experience, and after he had served his apprenticeship he could be started in business for himself. As Pa Sonkins and long since retired from business, an old tamily friend, Mr. Brisk, of Brisk & Hurry, wholesale grocers in New York city, was called in. He was perfectly willing to give Charley a chance, providing Charley would begin at the bottom of the ladder and try to ellimb to the top.

The next Monday morning found Charley at the office of Brisk, and dressed rather mod-estly for him. He arrived at the office before the senior member of the firm entered, which was a good point to start with. Mr. Brisk on Brooklyn Heights and Mr Brisk in his office, Charley found out, were not one and the same person. While Mr. Brisk on Brooklyn Heights was genial and citra polite, at his office he was stern and brusque.
"Good morning, Charles"—he called young

Sopkins "Charley" on the Heights-was his formal greeting as he entered the office. He sat down at his desk and began a fatherly

talk to Charley while he was opening his mall. He spoke about two hundred words to the minute, and at the end of ten minutes Charley had his cont and hat hung in a closet and a vague idea that he was to be known as Mr. Brisk's confidential clerk, was to open his mail, copy letters, attend to his private errands, keep his desk and office in order, and do anything that Mr. Hurry wanted him to do, for which he was to receive the munificent stipend of \$7 a week. The funior pariner arrived after the senior, as they all do, and Charley was introduced to him as the new clerk. He acknowledged the intro-duction with a condescending nod, and the next moment was flying around in a faded office coat and straw hat of the vintage of '87.

wandcred around asking everybody he met to help him out without success. Suddenly a happy lifea struck him and he rang a district messenger call. A boy appeared in a short time, and Unarley had him clean the inkstands. When he returned to the office Mr. Hurry was writing at Mr. Brisk's deak and paid no attention to him.

For the next two weeks the district messenger call in Brisk & Hurry's was rung more than it had ever been in the existence of the firm. If

For the next two weeks the district messenger cail in Brisk & Hurry's was rung more than it had ever been in the existence of the firm. If Mr. Brisk wanted his watch taken to the jeweller's, or if Mr. Hurry wanted to send a deposit to the bank, or if Charley wanted a package of Turkish cigarettes he called a messenger. Then a bill was received from the messenger company for \$58, which nearly caused a dissolution of the partnership of Brisk & Hurry. The junior partner threatened to break away if Mr. Brisk did not let Charley go immediately. Mr. Brisk was willing enough to do so, but did not want to hurr the feelings of the Soyskins family by doing so. The partners were in this quandary when the object of their wrath appeared. Both applied themselves to their desks, and neither trusted himself to look at Charley. He walked up to Mr. Brisk's desk and found that geniteman scratching an inkless pen over a sheet of paper.

"I alse beg your pardon—Mr. Brisk—but I —don't think I can—stav—here—any—longer," said Charley, hesitatingly.

"Why, what is the matter, Charles?" said Mr. Brisk, coloring up as if the new clerk had learned of the trouble between the partners.

"Well, sir I can—stand—almost—anything—and—made—up—my—mind—I'd—have—to—stand—a common—porter—calling—me—er—all (harley,"

"Well, that is really deplorable," said Mr. Brisk; and have you really declarated.

Well, that is really deplorable," said Mr. sk; " and have you really decided to go.

Charles?"
"Yes, I have made up my mind; and once my mind is made up nothing will change it."
Both Mr. Brisk and Mr. Hurry gave sighe of relief. I'm so sorry," said Mr. Brisk, with a "Well, I'm so sorry," said Mr. Brisk, with a Well, I'm so sorry, said Mr. Brisk with here's your-hark wint's your-hark in "I thought we would have a chance to make a hostling business man of you but really I think you would make a better lawyer."

"Him. I'm sorry you are going, too, young man," added Mr. Hurry. "I think you would make a good banker—lasidel mit."

And so ended Charley's first business experience. He is not looking for another job, either.

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